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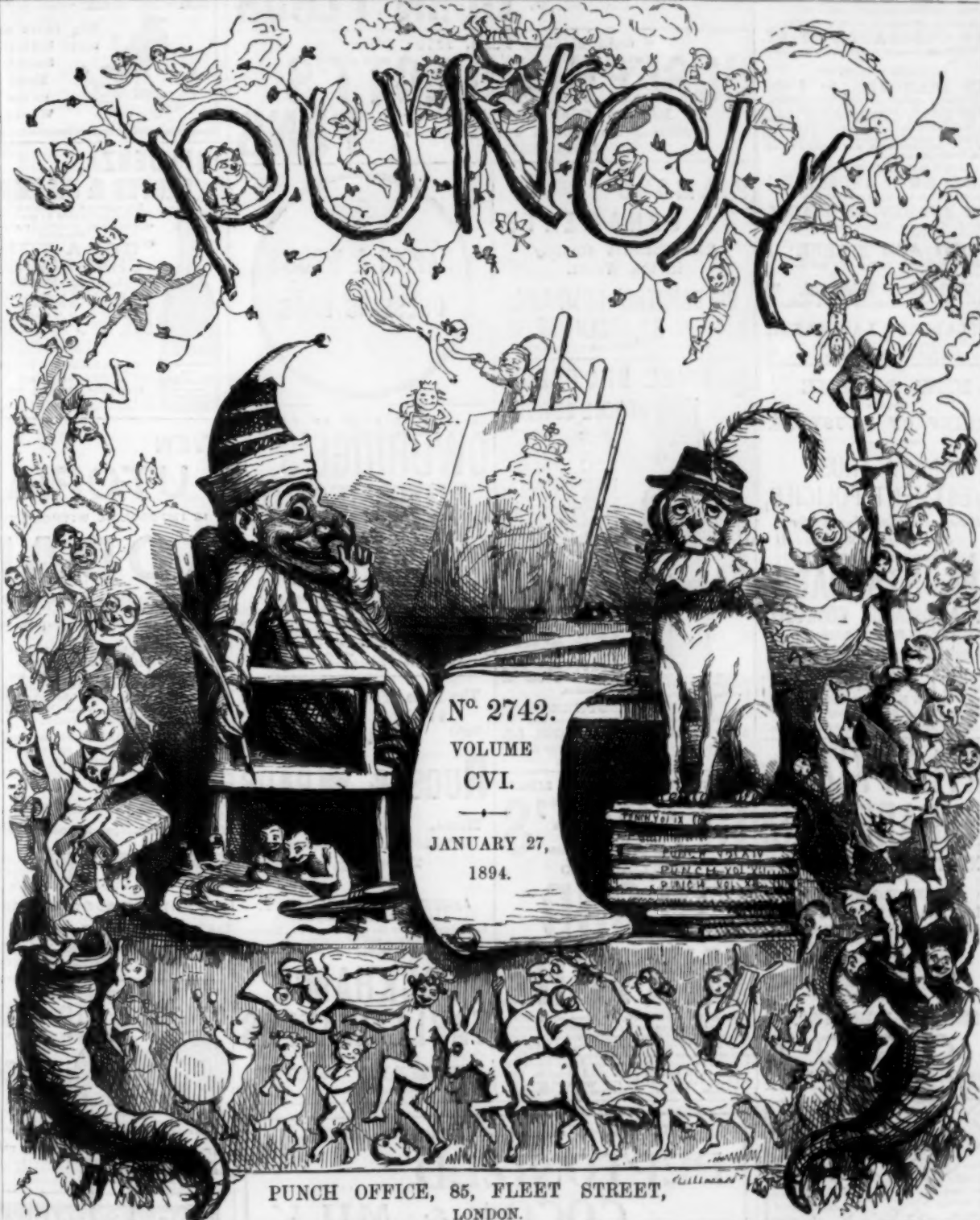
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"If there is one serial issue above another for whose existence I am truly thankful," quoth the Baron, "it is the Dryburgh Edition of the *Waverley Novels*, whereof the fourteenth volume has just appeared." The Baron regrets that his many and vastly varied occupations prevent him from reading each novel as it comes out, but he takes them up from time to time, and, while under the spell of the Wizard of the North, he prefers them to the most modern novels and romances, no matter by what talented author they may be written.

"Yet," continues the same eminent critic, "it is some considerable time, since I have been so fascinated by any modern work of fiction as I have been by MARY CHOLMONDELEY's novel entitled *Diana Tempest*." Ere now a large proportion of the Baron's friends will have read this work (though a still larger number await the Baron's imprimatur), for Mr. BENTLEY announces that he is publishing the second edition of it, and these will agree with the Baron in recommending it strongly, nay, in pressing it on the attention of those who have not yet read it, or, were it possible, in thrusting it under the very noses, or before the very eyes and into the hands of those who, loving a really good novel, excellent both in story and in literary style, will be



"MEN OF LIGHT AND LEADING!!"

Street Arab. "COME ON, CAPTIV! ME AN' THIS HOTHER GEN'L'MAN 'LL SEE YER SIFE HOVER! GIVE US A COPPER!"

thankful to acquire, by purchase or loan, the goods, the extra good goods, which the gods provide. Let no regular novel-reader be alarmed when the Baron informs him that there is neither page nor paragraph in these three volumes that can be skipped without loss to the skipper. Each character is carefully analysed, in so incisive and epigrammatic a style, and with evidently so rare a knowledge of moral anatomy, as will occasionally remind the reader of THACKERAY's handling of his puppets. Oddly enough, the end of the story comes when the hero says to the heroine, "Di! Di!" and then—they live happily ever afterwards. The Baron wishes his friends no worse luck than a rainy afternoon for the perusal of *Diana Tempest*.

It must have struck several persons on reading the number of the *Strand Magazine* for January that the first story [being No. VII. of "The Diary of a Doctor"] ought to have been called "All Her Eye." The illustration to this brief tale is an eye-witness to the *raison d'être* of this correction. By the way, was the title for the series suggested by SAMUEL WARREN's well-known *Diary of a Late Physician*, which, giving EDGAR ALLEN POE's tales the first, and the author of *Uncle Silas* the next place in our private Library of Horrors, contains some of the very best and very creepiest sensational stories?

THE BARON DE B.-W.

A MELTING MOMENT FOR WAX.

(By Our Up-to-Date Reporter.)

THE moment the decision (subject to appeal) was announced, I rushed off to the figures in the Marylebone Road with a view to ascertaining their views upon the subject. As a whole, they seemed quite satisfied with their surroundings.

"I have very little complaint to make," said the effigy of the first Sir BARTLE FRERE; "it is true I am now on a level with the Refreshment Department, but still I have the satisfaction of knowing that I am assisting (at a distance) at the last moments of MARY, Queen of Scots. If I might make a suggestion, I would prefer not to be addressing a Zulu Lady, and would be glad to hear the strains of the band above."

"I have certainly been moved about a good deal," returned the portrait model of the late CHARLES DICKENS. "But my present quarters are fairly good. I have the satisfaction of noticing my old friends SALA and TENNYSON in adjacent cell-like apartments, and catching a glimpse of Mr. G. R. SIMS. This is a decided improvement after my site at Baker Street, where I seemingly exercised a vague supervision over the Guide Books."

"Well, it is certainly more cheerful here than it used to be in the extra rooms," admitted the likeness in wax of NAPOLEON III., "and all my family seem to prefer it. Of course the additional sixpence gave a sort of air to our group, but the proximity of the execution party down below was distinctly derogatory to our dignity."

"But you are going back, are you not, to your old quarters?"

"Very possibly. But we are fairly comfortable where we are."

"I have to complain of nothing save my scowl," said King JOHN. "I should not mind it so much were I not looking towards Mr. IRVING, Miss TERRY, and the BANCROFTS. I do hope that the excellent quartette of histrionics do not consider my rudeness intentional. Had I my way I would not make a face at any one of them. On my word, I wouldn't; it is too bad!"

"Well, yes; I think I would apply for an injunction if I could," was the answer of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. "I have seen myself in a glass, and look a dreadful guy. If I had shown myself in this

form while acknowledging the cry of 'Author!' on the first night of *Hamlet*, I really think I should have been hooted."

"Don't ask me!" said the Old Lady herself; "I hate these new-fangled ideas. Besides, I have got quite enough to do attending on the Sleeping Beauty. However, if you must have my opinion, let me say that I would put that football group into the Chamber of Horrors; and as for MARY, Queen of Scots, being near the grill, and close to the steaks, why I think it most appropriate. Isn't HER MAJESTY, with the Executioner just behind her, on the point of having a chop?"

And then the Old Lady laughed so long and heartily that I lost my presence of mind, and came prematurely away. As I quitted the rooms, it seemed to me that CHARLES THE FIRST was trying to obtain an injunction compelling the chronic absence of CROMWELL, and Dr. NEWMAN was asking, on behalf of the Public, for PUS IX. and Cardinal MANNING.

To the Defeated of Horncastle.

TORR, ask "Why you 're not in" no more!

Your friends are very sorry,
If you had thought of "why" before,
And then had placed it after TORR,
You 'd have become a Torr-y.

CLEAR AS CRYSTAL (PALACE).—Mr. Punch much puzzled to hear that there had been a Peristeronic Society's Show. Very relieved subsequently to find it was only a show of pigeons. "Peristeronic" evidently an interesting example of Pigeon-English.

SUGGESTED ENTERTAINMENT TO BE PROMOTED BY THE "THIRTEEN CLUB."—Instead of *Twelfth Night* give *The Thirteenth Night* at Fri-Dayly's Theatre!

PROUDHON REVERSED (a Motto for Modern Anarchists).—"Le vol c'est la propriété."



MR. G. AT BIARRITZ. "A WELL-EARNED HOLIDAY!"

SO LAKELY!

SIR,—How anybody can pretend that Windermere is a pleasant spot for winter residence is truly astonishing. If you want a *really* dry, warm place, try Coniston. As for rain, we hardly ever see it. Indeed, we are talking of importing a special rain-maker from the Congo, as a shower now and then would be an advantage. Mr. RUSKIN (who lives here) has written a local guide-book which he calls *Hortus Siccus*—or is it *Hortus Inclusus*?—and that *proves* how dry the climate is. During the recent "cold snap" all over England, Coniston was probably the only place where *not a single house had a fire burning in it!* There is excellent accommodation here, too; my own lodgings are about the best in the place. Why go to Cannes when Coniston is almost at your door?

LANCASHIRE LACUSTRIAN.

SIR,—The claims of Windermere as a place for wintering in are simply absurd. When it isn't a misty swamp, it's an ice-house. The average rainfall there has never been ascertained, as no instrument-maker has a rain-gauge with enough inches on it to mark the amount that falls. Now at Ambleside we're obliged to have punkahs going all through January, and not a drop of rain has fallen for three months, so you can tell what a delightful winter-resort this must be, and it is very easy to get to, as coaches meet all the trains on the Kendal Line; and I ought to know, as I happen to own them. N.B.—I hope nobody will be deceived by the shallow artifices of Coniston



A DISAPPOINTMENT.

Jones. "Ah! No. 12! WHY, THAT'S WHERE MRS. CHATTERLEIGH LIVES! AND TO-DAY'S MRS. CHATTERLEIGH'S DAY AT HOME! HAPPY THOUGHT! GO IN AND HAVE A CUP O' TEA AND A CHAT WITH MRS. CHATTERLEIGH! ULLO! WHAT'S THIS? (Reads): 'PLEASE DO NOT RING. EVERYONE IN THIS HOUSE IS IN BED WITH INFLUENZA!'"

people, who are, I hear, trying to pass off that one-horse village as dry and warm. They boast that not a single fire was lit there in the recent frost; and why? Because not a ton of coal could be brought to the place, owing to snow-blocked roads, and the trees were frozen so hard no axe would cut them! Comment is needless.

WESTMORLAND WISEACRE.

SIR,—Let everybody who isn't a Polar bear avoid Ambleside in winter. It ought to be called Archangel instead! No rain, they assert, has fallen there for months. This is quite true, because there has been nothing but snow and hail. For real comfort and warmth come to Keswick—especially to my hotel here. Keswick is dry enough in summer (particularly during the "Convention" week), but the dryness is much greater now. Invalids bathe in the lake all through the winter, and find the water *too hot!* We are close to Borrowdale, and, as I daresay you know, that valley was so-called because the inhabitants have to borrow all their water from places where rain does sometimes fall. Derwentwater itself derives its name from an African prince who once visited it, and remarked on "der want o' water," and the title stuck. The poor prince died of a sunstroke on Christmas Day, it is said. Such heat was probably a little exceptional, but people who've been at Algiers in winter-time say it can't be compared with Keswick.

CANNY CUMBERIAN.

"I do not like his style of conversation," observed Mrs. R., warmly; "he does make use of such amphibious expressions."

TO A HOURI.

(At Constantinople.)

SWEET daughter of Araby, truly the Blest

If all of its women are equally fair,
Enraptured I gaze at thine ivory breast,
Thine ebony hair!

Mohammedan maiden, so freely unveiled,
I long to converse in thine orient speech,
But Arabic, Turkish, my schoolmasters failed
Entirely to teach.

O, maid from the Bosphorus, or from the land
Of HAROUN-AL-RASCHID, what tongue can I
try?

I cannot speak thine; I should not understand
If thou shouldst reply.

Yet BYRON and MOORE, I remember, may tell
Some words to express untranslatable love,
To say—what's the Turkish?—my rose, my
gazelle, My tulip, my dove!

Here goes! Fair Sultana of Stamboul's
bazaars,

O Houri, O Peri, salaam to thee now!
Bulbul! *Lalla Rookh!* Sweetest attar of
Fars! I'll add—*Zên mu!*

Oh, horror! My dreams of the East take to
flight;

Thou art but disguised, for, with cockney-
fied sound,
Thou answerest, "Genuine Turkish Delight,
One shilling a pound."

AT THE GARRICK.

ADMIRABLE in every way is Mr. HARE's performance of the part of *The Old Jew* in one of the dullest pieces it has ever been my lot to see. Five Acts of it, too! Written by Mr. SYDNEY GRUNDY, author of *Sowing the Wind!* Hardly possible to believe, but so it is. If what the author intends for satire had only been partially redeemed by here and there a flash of wit or humour, the acting of Mr. HARE, of the three GILBERTS—GILBERT HARE, GILBERT FARQUHAR, and GILBERT TRENT, of Messrs. ANSON, DAY, DE LANGE, and ROBERT HARWOOD (a most amusing "bit" of character), and the acting of Miss KATE BORKE and Mrs. WRIGHT, the latter appearing in a most trying and unsympathetic part, might have secured for it a certain amount of success. But what can possibly be done with an uninteresting story, told depressingly in Five Acts? It is preceded by THEYRE SMITH'S *A Case for Eviction*. But if ever there were "a case for eviction" it is that of "An Old Jew," and consequently out of the bill he goes; and, to adapt the refrain of Mr. GRUNDY's song in the piece, we, "Unforgiving, bid it at least Good-bye!" And so farewell, Old Jew! And, "if for ever, then for ever, fare thee well!"

ALL AT (L. C.) C.—Proposed now to tax site values. Presumed that ground which is lost to site (though to memory dear) will be exempt.

TO AN EDITOR AND COMMENTATOR.

O you, made bright with alien rays,
Whose work is one long string of "quotes,"
Who spend your too laborious days
In sucking brains and spitting notes:

Who to some great and ancient name
Tack on, for pay, your puny self,
Go, go, where clothed with praise or blame
Your books precede you—on the shelf.

AN APPROPRIATE ELECTION.—Mr. SWAN elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. A SWAN-song the appropriate prelude to the end; very thoughtful of the R.A.'s to secure their own SWAN to sing it.

NEARLY RED-DY!—*The Red Shirts*, an appropriate volume to follow Mr. MCCARTHY'S *Red Diamonds*. Why not have colourless titles, and hope that when the public sees the books they'll get re(a)d?

WELL—NOT QUITE—EH?—According to some persons' views, recently expressed, "The Chamber of Horrors" at TEMSAUD'S Waxwork Show should be re-entitled "The Chamber of Honours."

KEWBIOUS.—"The most popular show at Kew Gardens," says Mrs. R., "is the Topical House."

FLUFF SITS FOR HIS PHOTOGRAPH;

OR, THE INSTANTANEOUS PROCESS.

SCENE—A Photographer's Studio on the Seventh Floor. It is a warm afternoon. Mr. STIPPLER, Photographic Artist, is discovered alone.

Mr. Stippler (to himself). No appointments while this weather lasts, thank goodness! I shall be able to get ahead with those negatives now. (Sharp whistle from speaking-tube, to which he goes.) Well?

Voice of Lady Assistant (in shop below). Lady just brought her dog in; wants to know if she can have it taken now.

Mr. Stip. (to himself). Oh, dash the dog and the lady too!

The Voice. No, only the dog, the lady says.

Mr. Stip. (confused). Eh? Oh, exactly. Ask the lady to have the goodness to—ah—step up. (He opens the studio door, and awaits the arrival of his client; interval, at the end of which sounds as of a female in distress about half way down are distinctly audible.) She's stepping up. (Another interval. The head of a breathless Elderly Lady emerges from the gloom.) This way, Madam.

The Elderly Lady (entering, and sinking into the first plush chair). Oh, dear me, I thought I should never get to the top! Now why can't you photographers have your studios on the ground floor? So much more convenient!

Mr. Stip. No doubt, Madam, no doubt. But there is—ah—a prejudice in the profession in favour of the roof; possibly the light is considered somewhat superlative. I thought I understood there was—ah—a dog?

The E. L. Oh, he'll be here presently. I think he saw something in one of the rooms on the way up that took his fancy, or very likely he's resting on one of the landing mats—such an intelligent dog! I'll call him. Fluffy, Fluffy, come along, my pet, nearly up now! Mustn't keep his missis waiting for him. (A very long pause; presently a small rough-haired terrier lounges into the studio with an air of proprietorship.) That's the dog; he's so small, he can't take very long to do, can he?

Mr. Stip. The—ah—precise size of the animal does not signify, Madam; we do it by an instantaneous process. The only question is the precise pose you would prefer. I presume the dog is a good—ah—rattah?

The E. L. Really, I've no idea. But he's very clever at killing bluebottles; he will smash them on the window-panes.

Mr. Stip. (without interest). I see, Madam. We have a speciality for our combination backgrounds, and you might like to have him represented on a country common, in the act of watching a hole in a bank.

The E. L. (impressed). For bluebottles?

Mr. Stip. For—ah—rats. (By way of concession.) Or bluebottles, if course, if you prefer it.

The E. L. I think I would rather have something more characteristic. He has such a pretty way of lying on his back with all his paws sticking straight up in the air. I never saw any other dog do it.

Mr. Stip. Precisely. But I doubt whether that particular pose would be effective—in a photograph.

The E. L. You think not? Where has he got to, now? Oh, do just look at him going round, examining everything! He quite understands what he's wanted to do; you've no idea what a clever dog he is!

Mr. Stip. Ray-ally? How would it do to have him on a rock in the middle of a salmon-stream?

The E. L. It would make me so uncomfortable to see it; he has a perfect horror of wetting his little feet!

Mr. Stip. In that case, no doubt—Then what do you say to posing him on an ornamental pedestal? We could introduce a Yorkshire moor, or a view of Canterbury Cathedral, as a background.



Fluff (to himself). "What's she got hold of now?"

The E. L. A pedestal seems so suggestive of a cemetery, doesn't it? Mr. Stip. Then we must try some other position. (He resigns himself to the commonplace.) Can the dog—ah—sit up?

The E. L. Bee-yutifully! Fluffy, come and show how nicely you can sit up!

Fluff (to himself). Show off for this fellow? Who pretends he's got rats—and hasn't! Not if I know it!

[He rolls over on his back with a well-assumed air of idiocy. The E. L. (delighted). There that's the attitude I told you of. But perhaps it would come out rather too leggy?

Mr. Stip. It is—ah—open to that objection, certainly, Madam. Perhaps we had better take him on a chair, sitting up. (Fluff is, with infinite trouble, prevailed upon to mount an arm-chair, from which he growls savagely whenever Mr. STIPPLER approaches.) You will probably be more successful with him than I, Madam.

The E. L. I could make him sit up in a moment, if I had any of his biscuits with me. But I forgot to bring them.

Mr. Stip. There is a confectionary next door. We could send out a lad for some biscuits. About how much would you requish—a quartah of a pound?

[He goes to the speaking tube.

The E. L. He won't eat all those; he's a most abstemious dog. But they must be sweet, tell them. (Delay. Arrival of the biscuits. The Elderly Lady holds one up, and Fluff leaps, barking frantically, until he succeeds in snatching it; a manoeuvre which he repeats with each successive biscuit.) Do you know, I'm afraid he really mustn't have any more—biscuits always excite him so. Suppose you take him lying on the chair, much as he is now? (Mr. STIPPLER attempts to place the dog's paws, and is snapped at.) Oh, do be careful!

Mr. Stip. (heroically). Oh, it's of no consequence, Madam. I am—ah—accustomed to it.

The E. L. Oh, yes; but he isn't, you know; so please be very gentle with him! And could you get him a little water first? I'm sure he's thirsty. (Mr. STIPPLER brings water in a developing dish, which Fluff empties promptly.) Now he'll be as good—!

Mr. Stip. (after wiping Fluff's chin and arranging his legs). If we can only keep him like that for one second.

The E. L. But he ought to have his ears pricked. (Mr. STIPPLER makes weird noises behind the camera, resembling demon cats in torture; Fluff regards him with calm contempt.) Oh, and his hair is all in his eyes, and they're his best feature!

[Mr. STIPPLER attempts to part Fluff's fringe; snarls.

Mr. Stip. I have not discovered his eyes at present, Madam; but he appears to have excellent—ah—teeth.

The E. L. Hasn't he! Now, couldn't you catch him like that?

Mr. Stip. (to himself). He's more likely to catch me like that! (Aloud, as he retreats under a hanging canopy.) I think we shall get a good one of him as he is. (Focussing.) Yes, that will do very nicely. (He puts in the plate, and prepares to release the shutter, whereupon Fluff deliberately rises and presents his tail to the camera.) I presume you do not desiah a back view of the dog, Madam!

The E. L. Certainly not! Oh, Fluffy, naughty—naughty! Now lie down again, like a good dog. Oh, I'm afraid he's going to sleep!

Mr. Stip. If you would kindly take this—ah—toy in your hand, it might rouse him a little.

The E. L. (exhibiting a gutta-percha rat). Here, Fluffy, Fluffy, here's a patty sing! What is it, eh?

Fluff (after opening one eye). The old fool fancies she's got a rat! Well, she may keep it! [He curls himself up again.

Mr. Stip. We must try to obtain more—ah—animation than that. [He hands the Elderly Lady a jingling toy.

The E. L. (shaking it vigorously). Fluffy, see what Missis has got!

Fluff (by a yawn of much eloquence). At her age, too! Wonderful how she can do it!

[He closes his eyes wearily.]

Mr. Stip. Perhaps you may produce a better effect with this.

[He hands her a stuffed stoat.]

Fluff (to herself). What's she got hold of now? Hul-lo! (He rises, and inspects the stoat with interest.) I'd no idea the old girl was so "varmint"!

Mr. Stip. Capital! Now, if he'll stay like that another— (Fluff jumps down, and wags his tail with conscious merit.) Oh, dear me. I never saw such a dog!

The E. L. He's tired out, poor doggie, and no wonder. But he'll be all the quieter for it, won't he? (After restoring Fluff to the chair). Now, couldn't you take him panting, like that?

Mr. Stip. I must wait till he's got a little less tongue out, Madam.

The E. L. Must you? Why? I should have thought it was a capital opportunity.

Mr. Stip. For a physician, Madam, not a photographer. If I were to take him now the result would be an—ah—enormous tongue, with a dog in the remote distance.

The E. L. And he's putting out more and more of it! Perhaps he's thirsty again. Here, Fluffy, water—water!

[She produces the developing dish.]

Fluff (in barks of unmistakable significance). Look here, I've had about enough of this tomfoolery. Let's go. Come on!

Mr. Stip. (seconding the motion with relief). I'm afraid we're not likely to do better with him to-day. Perhaps if you could look in some othah afternoon?

The E. L. Why, we've only been an hour and twenty minutes as yet! But what would be the best time to bring him?

Mr. Stip. I should say the light and the temperatuh would probably be more favourable by the week aftah next—(to himself) when I shall be taking my holiday!

The E. L. Very well, I'll come then. Oh, Fluffy, Fluffy, what a silly little dog you are to give all this trouble

Fluff (to himself, as he makes a triumphant exit). Not half so silly as some people think! I must tell the cat about this; she'll go into fits! I will say she has a considerable sense of humour—for a cat.

OMNIBUS SED NON OBESISSIMIS.

THE Daily Graphic wisely recommends That omnibus conductors, with a tape, Should measure those to whom Dame Nature sends

Too corpulent and elephantine shape,
That they, neglectful of the learned

BANTING,

No more should squeeze in, pushing,
puffing, panting,

So loudly on the wane of space descanting,
And then all extra payment quite escape.

An excellent suggestion—for the thin—
For all the fat "a double debt to pay."

Let adiposity spend more than skin

And bone, is what mere skin and bone
would say.

The fat can, grumbling, pay this fine or
ransom,

Can walk, or be extravagant as can some,
And ride in easy, sybaritic Hansom,

Not go for just "a penny all the way."

"WHERE DO THEY EXPECT TO GO TO?"

—Question for the Blue-coat Boys. If the present building is pulled down, and if no site be obtained outside London, it is "rather a blue look-out" for the Blue-coat School.

BALLAD OF THE PROFESSIONAL MODEL.

So there you are, old patriarch,
I sat for in the spring—
If you'll permit me to remark,
As like as anything!

But now you're in a gorgeous dress,
And in a big gold frame;
The passers stare, but hardly guess
We are the very same.

Also, you're looking twice as fresh
As I am, you'll agree—
You've got more colour and more flesh,
Which ain't as it should be.



You know you'd never have been there
Without me, to enjoy
These many blessings—can't we share
And share alike, old boy.

You're used to having your square meals,
If I may make so bold—
Come down and tell us how it feels,
And also if you're sold.

Then I'd slip up there in a trice—
And shouldn't I be snug,
With victuals handy, and a nice
Old oriental rug.

Not you—you're looking as serene,
As lofty and benign,
As if you'd never, never seen,
A countenance like mine.

You see a green and flowery land,
A sky that's dazzling blue:
You've everything at your command—
A lucky chap are you!

Good-bye to you, old patriarch,
There in your frame of gold—
The days are growing short and dark,
The nights are bitter cold.

And the winds on the Embankment probe
One's life out as one lies;—
But I'll think of you in your robe,
Under those sunny skies.

MARRIAGE LINES EXTRAORDINARY.

WE read that in Belgium marriage certificates, already for some time past in book form, are henceforth to be morocco-bound and gilt-edged, suggestive of durability, and gilding the pill, some will say. A summary of the Belgian laws on the married state is given herein. Then amongst a mass of miscellaneous information are directions for the feeding and care of infants—surely? Our eye ran on hastily, then came back carefully, but no! This conspicuous omission seems the more unaccountable and ominous upon the historic battle-ground of Europe. However, to proceed, there are also provided twelve spaces for entering the names and birthdays of the children of the marriage; and, we doubt not, the national motto, *L'Union fait la Force*, is well to the fore. If after all this plain statement of the case the marriage rate remains undiminished, who shall deny honour to "*les brave Belges*" of both sexes?

I. O. Umenos to His Bride.

MAID of Athens, ere we "part"
To a creditor, we'll start
For some place where we'll be free
From re-spon-si-bi-li-tee!

JAW-BREAKING LAW-BREAKING.

THE *Daily News* of the 19th inst. informs us that a Swabian living at Rottweil, in Württemberg, has just committed an offence against the law. The crime with which he has been charged is conveyed in the title appearing in the German law books as "*Hausirgengewerbebetriebsausdehnungsabgabengefährdung*." We have heard of "deeds without a name,"

but it is abundantly manifest that this is not of them. At the same time, we think it would be rather hard on a man to call him a hypocrite because he would rather do than say such a thing as—but we decline even the labour of merely writing the word over again.



To a Silent Poet.

"POETICUS, you seem distraught."
"Excuse me, Sir. A train of thought"—
"A train of thought"? At least, confess
Your train of thought is not express."

A BRILLIANT CANDIDATE.—"Give me your definition," quoth the Examiner very distinctly, "of 'a finite intelligence.'" The youth paused, repeated to himself several times the words "Finite night intelligence," and then triumphantly made answer, "Sir, it means when someone comes in to tell you that the moon and stars are shining beautifully." Of course the candidate was passed—over.

A YOUNG friend of Mrs. R.'s has lately joined an amateur orchestra. Mrs. R. informs us that "the instrument he plays is the buffoon."

"Ah," observed Mr. MUDDLE, "how true is the old saying that 'One man may look over a hedge while another steals a horse!'"



AWKWARD SPEECHES TO ANSWER.

Old Lady (devoted to the Rector). "TELL YOUR FATHER THAT IT IS MY EARNEST WISH HE SHOULD BURY ME WHEN I DIE."
The Rector's Daughter. "I'M SURE HE'LL BE DE— HE'LL BE PL— I MEAN HE—HE—A—A—WOULD BE SO—A—REALLY I MUST NOW BID YOU GOOD-BYE."

THE NAUGHTY DAUGHTERS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Whatever is the meaning of all this nonsense about the Revolt of the Daughters? I've three myself—such nice, good girls, and I'm sure they don't want to indulge in "a mild kind of *wanderjahr*," whatever that may mean. I asked them all this morning if they were perfectly happy and contented, and, of course, they all said "Yes," as I knew they would. They have not had me for a mother for nothing. I think that where girls have no "virginal tranquility of soul" it's the fault of the mother for letting them read these horrid new books, and go to all these wicked plays. GERMAN REED's once a year is quite enough for anyone. As to this talk about latch-keys, it's moonshine. What's wanted is not that our daughters should have them, but that our sons should *not*. No one of my boys (I have six) have ever had—or wanted—a latch-key, and I never allowed my husband to have one till he was 49. I sometimes regret I ever gave one to him, though as it is we always chain the door at 11 o'clock. I enclose my card, and am

A MOTHER OF THREE GIRLS.

DEAREST MR. PUNCH,—We fancy Mamma has written you a letter about us, and if she has we want you to know it's all a mistake. She asked us this morning if we wanted what we thought she called some kind of "jar," and we said "No," not in the least understanding that she intended to say "*wanderjahr*." Now that we find that she was taking what Pa (who's in the House) calls one of Ma's snatch-votes, and that the meaning of it all is latch-keys and staying out late, of course we should like it. Poor dear Mamma does give us such a time of it. I wonder what she'd do if she knew that all the boys have had latch-keys made like Pa's, and that the chain which goes up religiously every night at 11 o'clock is so long that you can undo it from outside. We three girls are determined to have latch-keys, read "Latch-Key Notes" (is that right?), thoroughly indulge our "primeval traits," and generally have a real good time. —Yours *wanderjahring*,
 MAMMA'S THREE DAUGHTERS.

DEAR SIR,—Would you mind telling me what "a mild kind of *wanderjahr*" means? I asked RROGIE, my brother, to-day, and he said he thought a smoke of some kind. Ma says she fancies it's German for influenza. Pa, when I asked him at breakfast, only said, "Some more toast, my dear. When do you go back to school?" So please what does it mean? Because if it is a kind of cigarette, I shall get some.—Yours don't-knowingly,
 A MERE SCHOOL-GIRL.

JOHNSONESE.

"LET observation with extensive view
Surcey mankind from China to Peru."
 Tautology indeed! Here half an eye
 Would serve mankind, we fancy, to descry
 A lexicographer; but, shelving this,
 A more important point appears amiss.
 Was ever order, large, to say the least,
 More loosely given? Looking east-south-east
 From shore to shore (the way you'd travel, mind)
 You'd miss, as much as possible, mankind!

THE SAGA OF THE SHIELD-MAIDEN.

[A "Viking Club" has recently been founded, with a "Jarl" for President. (Please pronounce *Weaking*, Yarl.) Other officials are called "Things-bothman," "Skatt-taker," &c., while the lady members are designated *Skiald-maijar*, or "Shield-maidens." According to the prospectus, "it behoves everyone interested in the North to give it such support as will entitle it to take its proper place among the foremost societies of Europe." The italics are ours.]

If you're Weaking, call me Yarly, *skal* me Yarly, mother dear!
 For we've started a Norsemen's Club in town—we began with the young New Year!

I don't know whether I sound the word in the proper Icelandic way,
 But I'm to be one of the *Skiald-maijar*—a Shield-maiden, that's to say!

There'll be many a black, black eye, mother, in the club to-morrow night.

For the Things-bothman and the Law-bothman have together arranged to fight;

While the stakes will be held by the Skatt-taker, and the Jarl will join the fray,
 And we Shield-maidens will shriek and whoop in old Norse, as best we may

If we scratch up a scanty Scanian skill with *skald* and *skal* and *ski*,
 In the foremost place of societies in Europe soon we'll be!
 To-morrow's to be of all the year our first Walhalla-day,
 And I'm to be chief Shield-maiden, and proud Vi-queen of the May!



“WAITING FOR RELIEF.”

TURKEY. “HULLO! YOU’VE ALL COME TO IT, HAVE YOU? WHY, I’VE BEEN A CASUAL FOR YEARS!”

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DREAMED IN THE TEMPLE.

(A Communication from an old Contributor.)

A MATTER of so much importance has recently attracted the attention of the Bench that I feel it my duty to call serious consideration to it in the columns of a paper that has been renowned all the world over as the organ of the legal profession. I need scarcely say that I refer to a decision that a barrister-at-law, although he may be ready and anxious to practise, can be called upon to serve on a jury unless he can say in open Court that he has received a brief within six months! With all due respect to the judge who is answerable for the ruling, I must declare that I consider such an announcement made from the seat of justice an intolerable wrong to a large number of worthy, if unfortunate, professional men. In years gone by I have shown in these very pages that circumstances over which he has had no control may prevent a counsel really learned in the law from attracting the lucrative attention of solicitors.

Taking my own case, I can say that, although I have since my call enjoyed a very gratifying practise, I have known it happen that I have not received a brief for months, I might almost add (without laying myself open to a charge of gross exaggeration) years together. It is not because a man has rooms at the top of a staircase of chambers in the Temple, and pays a guinea a year for a locker in the Carey Street Robing Room, that he can secure the suffrages of those he would willingly count amongst his clients. I have made it my custom of a forenoon (following in the footsteps of my father) to attend regularly at one or other of the courts of the Queen's Bench Division to extend a matutinal greeting to the presiding judge. This I have done to show my respect for the profession to which his lordship and I in common belong. That I have not had any papers before me requiring immediate attention (save perhaps the current literature of the time) has been no fault of mine. If Bedford Row, Ely Place, and Lincoln's Inn Fields are so blind to the best interests of the litigation-loving public that they do not retain me is their business, and their business only, and I refuse to take any responsibility in this strange, this deplorable business—business that has been called (by members of my own family) absolutely disgraceful.

And having given this my deliberate opinion upon the affair, I should have thought my duty performed, had not something remained behind. As a rule, I do not attach any serious importance to visions or dreams, but on the present occasion I am inclined to accept as reliable evidence that which at other times I might declare to be of questionable value. Since the decision to which I have referred no doubt the matter has frequently occupied my thoughts, and possibly—I might almost say probably—the clue to the mystery can be found in that admission. Having confessed as much, it may be well to give the story *in extenso*.

After a day's hard work at my chambers setting the circulars I had received during the past half year in order, I fell asleep, and, in a state of somnolence, found myself on my legs in one of the Courts of the Q. B. D. I was naturally surprised to find



"A PAINTED LADY."

"O, MUMMY DEAR, WHY DID PAPA SAY HE WAS THINKING OF HAVING YOU PAINTED BY SIR JOHN MILLAIS! I'M SURE HE WOULDN'T DO IT BETTER THAN YOU DO IT YOURSELF!"

"ETHEL, DEAR, I THINK YOU HAD BETTER GO AND PLAY IN THE NURSERY WITH YOUR LITTLE BROTHER!"

had been arranged that the plaintiff should board and lodge with the defendant at the rate of £20 a quarter. At the end of the first quarter the plaintiff considered that he had received only £5 worth of board and lodging, and consequently was entitled to recover £15 balance. You see, my Lord?"

"Certainly; and I presume that your client had paid the £20?"

"Well, not exactly, my Lord. But then the defendant did not raise that plea. She had been advised by counsel not to do so."

"Dear me! And who was the counsel?"

"Well, my Lord, I myself made the suggestion."

"Really, Mr. BRIEFLESS, I am surprised at such an admission! You appear for the plaintiff and advise the defendant! Surely that was *ultra vires*?"

"I venture to think not, my Lord, as the defendant was my wife."

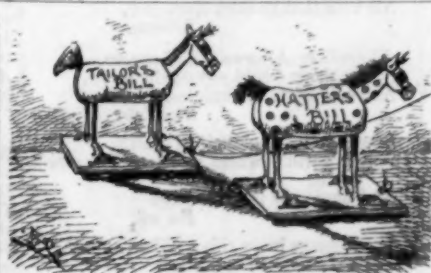
"I see your contention—that she was a part of yourself. But surely the Married Woman's Property Act disposes of that point? However, let that pass. And the plaintiff—who was he?"

"My son, my Lord," I replied, with emphasis; "my son, my Lord! And that justice might be done, I have paid all the costs. And now, my Lord, you see the shifts—"

I woke. PORTINGTON was beside me. "I think this is for you, Sir," said he, holding out a paper. I seized it with a gleam of hope. It was only a form for the assessment of income-tax.

And now I am debating whether I shall follow the suggestion of my dream or not. It seems to me the only course I can pursue until Ely Place ceases to be inattentive, and Bedford Row becomes more kind.

(Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUN.
Pump-Handle Court, Jan. 20, 1894.



"YEARLINGS."



WHITHER.

Brown (startled by rushing animal, which has bolted, just as he was going to potter over where the rail is down). "NOW THEN, WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO?"
Groom. "DON'T KNOW! ASK THIS BRUTE!"

SONGS OF SOCIETY.

THE HAPPY HEDONIST'S CREED.

I'm of the Cyrenaic School,
 A Pleasure-hunting Hedonist;
 I hold the World's most arrant fool
 An Altruist.
 An Aristippus of the Club,
 My faith is firm in self and sense;
 My love of comfort and choice "grub"
 Immense.
 Perfectibility I deem
 A figment, which my soul revolts.
 All those who dream that dotard's dream
 Are dolts.
 Of all loud follies that infest
 This period of stress and storm,
 I do most cordially detest
 Reform!
 The word's on everybody's tongue.
 I know that it is *but* a word,
 Making the speaker, old or young,
 Absurd!
 But there be words which din and dun
 Until they seem far worse than blows,
 And this, upon my soul, is one
 Of those.
 "Mesopotamia" sounded sweet
 On the dissenting *Durden's* ears,
 And this "Reform" the maudlin greet
 With cheers.
 'Tis like those "loyal toasts" outgushed
 In hackneyed terms when Britons dine,
 And which the witless cheer, when flushed
 With wine.
 They bore one awfully, they tax
 The speakers, put the hearers out,
 Yet all enthusiastic wax,
 And shout.

So with "Reform." When it is named
 By Premier, scribe, or platform prig,
 Humbugs applaud, and shams, unshamed,
 Look big.

What does it mean? If aught at all
 (Which usually it does *not*),
 It means the rule despotical
 Of "Rot."

It signifies the utter rout
 Of all whose motto is "Enjoy!"
 Of every pleasure that's without
 Alloy!

It means that Twaddle on a Tub
 Shall rob me of my cent-per-cents,
 My wine, my weed, my cab, my club,
 My rents.

It means that Fustian with a vote
 Shall push Me from my pleasant perch
 Of Privilege. The hand which smote
 The Church,

Would smite the Land, and smash the Law,
 And, *Samson-like*, Caste's bastions storm,
 All with that modern Ass's jaw,
 Reform.

Et après? Afterwards, of course
 The Many would put on the screw,
 And subjugate by brainless force
 The Few.

Now is it not preposterous stuff?
 The world's whole stock of Pleasure's
 small,
 And obviously is not enough
 For all.

The Romans knew this. What a State!
NERO is my ideal, quite.
 We must spread Toll, and concentrate
 Delight.

There's the true Social Formula,
 Purged from humanitarian bosh.
 The monstrous maxim of to-day
 Won't wash.

The greatest number's greatest good?
 You might as well say "ortolans round!"
 Or claim for every hind his rood
 Of ground.

Children of Gibeon must exist
 To hew and draw, fifty to one;
 That gives the happy Hedonist
 Life's fun.

That's Nature's law, as wise men know,
 To keep "the fittest" snug and warm,
 With but one formidable foe—
 Reform!

STILL "THE DARK CONTINENT."—The subject of "Africa opened up," it appears from M. CAMILLE DOUCET's statement, has not inspired any of the competitors for the annual prize for poetry, granted by the French State, with a poem worthy of the name. There will be no happy prize-winner to "speak of Africa and golden joys." We are surprised, and suppose we must now look upon "*Ex Africa semper aliquid novi*" as another of our old beliefs gone over to the majority.

SHE HAS GOT IT QUITE RIGHT THIS TIME.—Mrs. R., who is a great playgoer, expresses herself as being very sorry to hear that *The Old Joe* is to be withdrawn from the Garrick Theatre; but, on the other hand, she is very pleased at being informed that one of her favourite actresses, Mrs. BERNARD TREE (or is it Mrs. TREEBOHM BARE?) is now so very successively appearing as *Charlotte Anne* in a new piece at the Haymarket.



PRIVATE REHEARSAL OF "EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY" AND "LOCAL GOVERNMENT" AT 20, ARLINGTON STREET, FOR T.R. ST. STEPHEN'S.



TRUE HUMILITY.

Prosperous Briton. "Ah, well—GOOD-BYE! YOU MUST COME AND SEE ME, AND WE'LL TALK IT OVER—TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE, YOU KNOW."

Poor Relation (with grateful emphasis). "YES; ESPECIALLY FOURS, GEORGE!"

TO A "DISTRICT" DIVINITY.

[NOTE.—Several of the trains on the District Railway are now fitted with automatic electric reading lamps, which, upon a penny being placed in the slot, supply a light for half an hour.]

O GODDESS with the classic features pale,
And eyes of blue and hair of golden sheen,
Who daily goest by the District Rail
From Charing Cross to distant Walham Green,
These lines—to tell the secret of my heart meant—
Are written in a second-class compartment!

For day by day as homeward both we speed
Each other we invariably face—
It seems as if we tacitly agreed
To each secure a "platform" corner place.
Our frequent meetings spring from best of reasons,
For we are technically known as "Seasons."

My fate thou art—my happiness or doom!
And oft, as vainly at thy beauty bright
I've tried to peer through murkiness and gloom,
I've cursed the Underground's pale, fitful light!—
The gas was not turned up to any *irid* end,
Except perhaps the prospects of a dividend.

But now my heart is filled with sweet content,
Since tiny boxes each compartment dot
For public use (and private profit) meant
Contingent on a penny in the slot.
O little box, do you approve emphatically
The use to which I put you—automatically?

For as I drop the coin with gentle thud,
And press a knob with all my manly might,
The face of my divinity I flood
For thirty minutes with electric light!
Obliging box, I hope these verses indicate
The thanks I owe your enterprising syndicate!

These automatic tactics I've pursued
With regularity for one short week;
But now that classic face is scarlet hued,
And she, whose marble lips declined to speak,
Has spoken out, and asked me "kindly not to";
And close acquaintanceship at last we've got to!

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY (for the *O. W.'s* next comedy).—
Manners make the man, but manors make the nobleman.

A "RIDER" AND FOOT-NOTE TO LINDLEY MURRAY.

Le Vélo has recently consulted MM. ZOLA, GRÉARD, and FRANCISQUE SARCEY as to whether it is better to say *aller à bicyclette*, or *en bicyclette*. These distinguished authorities have decided that the former phrase is correct. *En tricycle*, however, should be employed. From a similar correspondence between the Secretary of the Scorchers' Club and some eminent masters of the English language we extract the following:—

Coniston.
SIR,—You ask me which I prefer—"to ride a bicycle," or "to ride on a bicycle." I reply emphatically, NEITHER. I am astounded at your temerity in putting the question at all, since you must be aware that I consider "cycling" (as I believe it is termed) to be an invention of the devil. Use in their proper way the legs with which Heaven has blessed you, and eschew excursion-trains, balloons, penny-omnibuses, dandy-horses, steam-launches, flying-machines, and all other artificial aids to locomotion; or, if you *must* be carried from spot to spot, let the pack-horse, the sedan-chair, and the waterman's wherry, be sufficient for your needs. J-N R-SK-N.

Dorking.
MR. G-ROE M-D-TH very cognisantly presents his compliments to the Secretary of the Scorchers' Club, and, as he is ever ready to fertilise a brain-pan vacuum with a dot-running-epistolary-rostrum-lecture, begs to state that a parley-phrase (or piece of word-patch-work) lacks value, unless with rational yet crazy hocus-jugglery of metaphors it cheat of its meaning the squab work-a-day gobble-gobbets: 'wilder with tricky mangle-mangle of brumous trope the fogged intellects of the puff-wheel trundle-trotter; and, dizen with lark-mirror of verbal leger-de-main, darkly-light and obscurely-flashing, daze (for some drunken minutes) the rag-bag tag-and-file of the bird-witted body-public into hypnotic unthinking acquiescence. He hopes that the Secretary (who is at liberty to make either head or tail of the foregoing *ipse dixit*) will—if he succeeds in reading or reding it—nerve his admonished understanding to arrange accordingly.

Biarritz.
MY DEAR SIR,—To any question affecting, relating to, or even concerning, the matter of locomotion, by which term I would imply

per se the transit, whether voluntary or involuntary—but my pencil is breaking; my pens have been removed! I will write fully on returning to London. Yours, W. E. G.

CHAT À LA MODE.

SCENE—A Railway Carriage. BROWN, JONES and ROBINSON preparing to descend at the *Terminus*.

Brown. Still serious in Africa. We really ought to do something. *Jones.* But what?

Robinson. Ah! that's the point. It's all very well to say "do something," but what?

Brown. It seems simple enough to me. "Trade follows the flag," so we should plant the flag.

Jones. But where? *Robinson.* Yes, where? Certainly plant the flag somewhere—but where?

Brown. Why, of course, wherever we have possession.

Jones. Yes, but where have we possession?

Robinson. Yes, it's easy enough to say "Where we have possession," but *where* have we possession?

Brown. Why, in Africa to be sure. We ought not to give up an acre of ground.

Jones. But have we an acre of ground?

Robinson. Quite so—*have* we?

Brown. Well, of course we ought to have. Where the flag goes we go. Surely that's plain enough?

Jones. But then the flag didn't go. It was the Chartered Company that took the land.

Robinson. Certainly, you see we were nowhere.

Brown. Then it's a crying shame that we weren't. It's as simple as A B C. You see just a century ago a British settlement—

Jones. Awfully sorry, but here we are. Good morning.

Robinson. Most interesting, but I'm afraid I must wait for the story until another occasion. Good day.

[The train stops. African Problem deferred indefinitely. Curtain.]

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The following extract from the "Review or Reviews," Nov., 1890, is of interest to every Smoker:
THE PIPE IN THE WORKHOUSE.—The picture drawn by our Helper of the poor old man in the workhouse, puffing away at an empty pipe, has touched the hearts of some of our correspondents. One who dates from the High Alps, and signs himself "Old screw," says:—"I have been struck with your suggestion in the October number of the Review or Reviews for a scheme to supply smokers in union workhouses with tobacco. I am afraid, judged by the ordinary standards, I am the most selfish of mortals, as I never give a cent away for purposes of so-called charity; but this scheme of yours appeals at once to the sympathies of a hard-boiled and inveterate smoker. Were I in London, I would at once start a collecting box for the fund, and levy contributions for it on my smoking acquaintance, but, unfortunately, my business compels me to be a wanderer round the Continent for the next nine months. I can, however, do a little, and would like to contribute a pound of what I consider the BEST SMOKING TOBACCO, viz., 'PLAYER'S NAVY CUT' (this is not an advertisement). I enclose, therefore, a cheque for the amount."

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